The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIV. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874. NO. 22.

Time Enough.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun;
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced:
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I will climb by-and-by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling; their locks are turned gray:
One as a governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day:
One is at work; the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown,—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought:
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two will you be, little one?

Child at Home.

The Bird's Reply.

"Why, pretty birds, if I were you,"
The little maid said, "I'd not come
At early morn to peck each crumb
Which I before my windows threw.
I would not stay on earth below;
To parents I would say good-by;
Above the loftiest clouds I'd fly;
Above the mountains white with snow
I'd find a path no man e'er trod,
Nor rest my wing until afar,
Beyond the farthest, loftiest star.
I found the dwelling-place of God."
The bird replied, "Why, playmate fair,
So far you have no need to soar;
Your closet enter, shut the door,
Kneel down, and find God's blessing there."

For the Myrtle.

Summer Holidays.

PART II.

AH, the happy hours of this holiday fortnight! How pleasantly and swiftly they flew by! I must not stop to tell of each day as it passed. There was the trouting expedition, the boys setting off quite early in the morning for a neighboring brook, where they passed the day, and returned with a dozen of the handsome, beautifully speckled trout. Then there were Nelly's rides in the swing between two of the large elms in the avenue; her frolics with Carlo, when he would seize her bonnet in his mouth, and she would run screaming after him with her long brown curls dancing in the wind over her neck and shoulders, until exhausted she would throw herself on the grass, while that roguish Carlo would stand by her side, with his long ears falling so prettily about his face, and only waiting one movement of his pretty companion to be off on another chase.

And I would not forget their fine sail down the pleasant Sagamore, which aunts, uncles and cousins all enjoyed very highly. The two weeks had nearly passed, there were but three days more and the holidays would be over. Charles was not quite satisfied, he had not yet taken a ride on horseback and he was very anxious to have this pleasure.

George Wilton had a great love for his father's beautiful horses. From early childhood he had shown a fancy for every picture or toy that came before his eyes in the shape of a horse, and by

much practice he had learned how to manage these noble animals with much skill and judgment. Our friend Charlie was not so expert a horseman, he had ridden but seldom and his mother felt extremely unwilling he should ride either of his uncle's spirited horses. As his father did not object she at length gave her consent for him to start off on a horseback ride with George and Mary, providing the rest of the party might follow in a carriage.

The first pleasant morning then, Mr. and Mrs. Wilton with Mr. and Mrs. Harlow and Nelly, stepped into Uncle Wilton's large open barouche, and there beside the carriage was cousin Mary in her long riding skirt, and her little cap barely shading her bright face that looked fresh and smiling as the gay morning, seated on her favorie Kitty, gentle and kind as her own fair mistress. George was willing Charles should have the horse he usually rode, while he mounted a much tamer animal than he was fond of managing. Our friends were very happy, though I do think Nelly would have been a little better pleased had she been sitting with cousin Mary on her pretty brown mare, and her mother would have felt less anxious if her son had been riding a more quiet horse.

Mr. Wilton proposed going to Ottaway Pond, a distance of six miles, and they now rode off in fine spirits. Cousin Mary gently touched Kitty with her riding whip and the pretty creature cantered lightly down the avenue. The boys followed with the carriage, for George's heavy horse could not keep pace with the fleet-footed Kitty, and Master Charles had much ado to keep his seat on the spirited animal he had undertaken to manage. The creature was perfectly aware that his master's skilful hand was not on the bridle and he seemed disposed to go his own way and at his own pace.

More than once he threatened to throw to the ground the daring boy who resolutely persisted in going on with him, while George laughed loudly at his cousin's awkward manœuvring. He then mischievously called out to him, "hold on, Charlie, or Rob will lay you on the turf, my boy!" Charles was a little vexed at his cousin's laughing and it made him feel the more determined not to give up. He would much rather have taken a toss over Rob's head at that moment, than exchanged horses with George. At length they all reached the road and found Mary waiting for them at the entrance of the avenue. She saw poor Charlie's trouble and vexation and though she did laugh at him a little, she kindly told him she would ride slowly by the side of his horse and he would soon be able to manage him very well. She was right, and the party proceeded, all highly enjoying the excursion.

On reaching the pond, they stopped at Pine Cottage, a pleasant house kept open in the warm season for the reception of visitors. They left their carriage and horses at this place and set off on foot for a stroll through the woods and along the banks of that beautiful pond. Mary's long riding skirt prevented her walking far, and she seated herself near the water, under some large oaks that threw their cooling shadows over her. Nelly had gathered her lap full of flowers and now sat with Carlo at cousin Mary's feet, watching her as she twisted them into a wreath around the hat of her fairy queen, as she called her little pet. The boys had gone deeply into the woods, and when they returned brought with them long branches of the mountain laurel, that beautiful shrub, then filled with it brightest blossoms.

The whole party was very glad to rest and cool themselves under those noble trees and Uncle Wilton told Charles of the famous fishing frolics they had on that pond in the winter when it was thickly frozen over, and he promised him if he were at Chestnut Hill at the proper time, he should go with him and George and help them take the pickerel of which there are great quantities at Ottaway Pond. On returning to the house, they found a luncheon of excellent cake and coffee for which their exercise gave them a keen relish. The boys were out attending to the horses, when Mrs. Harlow called Charles to her and told him she wished he would not think of mounting his cousin's horse again, but ride home on the other and more steady one.

"Oh mother, don't ask me to do that," said Charles, "why, I came over here very safely, and there is not the least danger of my being thrown from my horse. I would rather have stayed at home than not go back on Rob!"

His mother saw how great would be his mortification if she insisted upon his doing as she wished, she therefore smiled upon him as he kissed her anxious face, and they proceeded on their way to Chestnut Hill. The party in the carriage soon noticed that Charles and his horse were not on the most friendly terms. It was with great difficulty the boy kept his seat at all.

After riding a short distance, the horse began to rear and plunge so frightfully, that Mr. Harlow sprang from the carriage, intending to take hold of the bridle while his son dismounted. George too had left his horse to go to his cousin's assistance. Charles saw their movements, and with his usual headstrong spirit, he determined he would go on in defiance of everything and everybody. He then gave Rob a quick, sharp blow with a stick he had cut in the woods. This was more than the animal could bear; he gave another plunge, and before his friends could reach him, the resolute boy was thrown over the horse's head and lay motionless upon the ground, while the angry animal galloped furiously toward his home.

I may not tell of the mother's agony as she saw all this passing before her eyes, of the distress visible in the father's face as he bent over his son, or the screams of Nelly as she saw her darling brother thrown from his horse. His father and Uncle Wilton lifted him in their arms to place him in the carriage, and then saw that his forehead had been severely cut by a sharp stone against which he had fallen, and the blood was trickling fast from the wonnd. The blow had been so very violent, that not until they had reached home and Charles was laid on the bed, did he once open his eyes, and then he was so dizzy and faint he could not speak.

George had gone to the next town for a physician, but it would be an hour ere they could reach the house, and there lay the poor boy looking as though he were dying, and his mother nearly as pale as himself. Mrs. Wilton bathed the wound in cold water and succeeded in stopping the blood. The physician arrived, and after dressing the cut, gave Charles some composing medicine and ordered him to be kept very quietly in a dark room as he saw some symptoms of fever.

And there was our friend Charlie, suffering very sadly for ten long days before he could leave his room and how bitterly did he regret his folly, and how earnestly did he wish he had listened to the advice of his dear mother, and been willing to receive assistance from his father and cousin. He saw the whole matter just as it was. He knew he had brought this suffering upon himself and all this distress upon his friends by obstinately persevering in riding that unmanageable horse, and by striking him at the moment when he saw his father wished him to dismount.

Another thought came to grieve him sadly. He was absent from school, could not be present when the term commenced, and when able to enter, he would find himself behind his classmates. His parents saw he was severely punished, beside the severe pain arising from his illness, and they trusted the lesson would be salutary as it was severe. Little Nelly spent many a sad hour beside her brother's bed, and she could not look at the deep scar that was left upon his forehead without a shudder, and a hope "that Charlie never would ride on horseback again."

"Better hope, my little girl," said her father, smiling fondly upon her, "that your brother will never let an obstinate spirit overcome his good sense and his obedience to the wishes of his parents."

This was the first time the subject had been mentioned to Charles by any one. His heart was too full for him to speak but he grasped his father's hand, and as he threw one arm around his mother's neck, his parents saw that in his pale face which told them he would struggle hard to overcome the evil within him, and they trusted his firmness of purpose might be directed aright.

Charles Harlow left his friends at Chestnut Hill and returned to his school and his studies, a wiser boy that when he left them. The scar never faded from his forehead, or the impression from his heart, caused by that one sad mishap of his summer holidays.

God Counts.

A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes upon the table, and went out.

"How nice they look," said the boy, reaching to take one.

His sister earnestly objected, and drew his hand back, saying it was against their mother's directions.

"She did not count them," said he.

"Perhaps God did," said the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and sitting down seemed to meditate.

"You are right," said he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious, air; "God *does connt*, for the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered."

IDLENESS is the greatest prodigality in the world.

Bread of Heaven.

SEE LESSON REVIEW.

Millions of souls, in glory now
Were fed and feasted here.
And millions more still on the way
Around the board appear.

Yet is his house and heart so large
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

For the Myrtle.

Making a Voyage.

"OH mamma, we never can live fourteen days in this dark close place I feel stifled already," said Henry Ornsby. as he followed his mother down the gangway leading into the steerage of one of the large ocean steamers.

"Oh yes we can, my child," said Mrs. Ornsby cheerfully. "There are many things that we think at first we cannot bear, which become endurable and sometimes even enjoyable when we come to try them."

"But this place is so dark. We cannot see the way to our mouths down here."

"It will not seem so dark after we have been down a little while, and as to your finding the way to your mouth, I would trust you to do that, if both your eyes were put out," said Mrs. Ornsby, laughing.

"You needn't laugh, mother. I believe we shall choke to death down here."

"It is as well to laugh as cry. We must make the best of it, my boy. You will see we shall come out all right. We are not obliged to stay down here all of the time. There is plenty of room out on deck, and we can go up there as much as we like."

"There's only a little bit of the deck that we can go on."

"What do you mean, Henry."

"Just what I say, mother. One of those big men up there with the shiny buttons on his coat. said that none of us steerage passengers could go beyond the smoke-pipe."

"Oh well, Henry, we will not let that trouble us. If we cannot go beyond the smoke-pipe we will be content to stay this side of it. There is plenty of room for us on this end of the deck, and we will try and be as happy as we can."

"There is not nearly as much room as you think, mother, for there are so many to occupy it. I heard one of the stewards tell another just now that there were between two and three hundred steerage passengers."

"That is a great many, truly, but we shall find room to breathe, you may be sure. Don't trouble about that."

"What are we going to do in all the days of the passage?"

"Why, my boy, can we not find enough to do when there are so many human beings about us.

We shall find plenty to interest us in these people. There is a woman with a baby on the deck who looks as if she were in need of friends. I think we can help her some. If she should be sea-sick you can take care of the baby for her. And then there is a very feeble old man in the next compartment to ours. You can find many things to do for him if you are inclined to be helpful. There will no doubt be a great many of these people who will need our kindness. Why, Henry, this ship is a little world, and we can be to it what we are to the great world outside when we are not shut away from it by this rolling sea."

Henry listened to his mother with attentive eagerness. It was a new and pleasent idea to him that he had not gone out of the world of usefulness because he was shut up in the small limits of a ship's hold.

Henry was a very good boy. His mother had taught him from his infancy that he was not to live for himself alone, and each night when she heard him repeat his evening prayer, she asked him at the close of it, whether it had been to any

purpose that God had given him him daily bread. Had he done anything with the strength given him with this daily bread which was worth doing?

At the close of the first day on ship-board, Mrs. Ornsby repeated her question. "Well, my boy, what have you done to-day that was worth the bread God gave you to work with."

"Oh mother," Henry replied, "I remembered what you told me this morning, and I have tried all day to be helpful. I do not know that what I have done has amounted to much, but I have done a great many little things. I have helped take care of the baby, and I pulled off the old man's boots when he went to bed to-night. I made peace between two little boys who were quarrelling up on the deck, and kissed one little fellow who was crying because he was so home-sick.

His mother smiled when Henry said this.

"Don't laugh at me, mother," said the little boy, the hot tears leaping into his eyes as he spoke.

"Oh no, my child, I am not laughing at you. You must not be grieved so easily when I smile. I am very much pleased at the story you tell to-night. Life is all made up of littles. If you can, every day that God lets you stay on the earth do a great many little kindnesses, you will find that the sum of them at last will be great, and, what is better than counting all these good deeds, the sum of character gained by the doer of them will be well worth the having."

"What do you mean by that, mother?"

"I mean that people grow as their good deeds grow, and a human soul is very rich at last that has striven to make others better and happier at every opportunity on its journey."

"Why, is the soul making a journey, mother?"

"Yes, my child, our souls make a long journey through this world, from the cradle to the grave, and we ought to strive to make every step of the journey a helpful onward step."

"I think I understand you, mother, and it all seems very beautiful to me."

"It is beautiful, my child, and I hope you will always remember what we have said about it."

The sea-voyage of which we write was long ago over, but the soul-voyage of which Henry and his mother spoke that day is still going on, and our little voyager is growing rich in daily gathered treasures of good deeds. You and I, dear children, shall meet him when the life-voyage is over, and what shall we have, making us worthy of his companionship?

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

For the Myrtle.

Summer's Gone.

GAILY swinging in the garden,
On the sunflower's faded crown,
Are the yellow breasted birdies,
Merrily chirping, while they're eating
Seeds so brown.

Now the golden maple foliage,
Glistening in the setting sun,
Tell us without speech or language,
Summer's done.

And the shrill notes of the cricket,
As the shades of night come on,
Speak to us so sadly, sharply,
Summer's gone.

Now the cool winds gently whispering
Through the pine trees' fragrant shade,
Still repeat the mournful story,
Summer's dead.

Golden fruit weighs down the branches,
Corn is ripening in the sun,
And the grapes in purple clusters,
All so pleasantly remind us
Summer's done.

Though the happy hours are flying,
And our youth will soon be gone,
We'll not waste the moments sighing.
But be ever bravely trying
To press on,

In the pleasant path of duty,
Seeking comfort from above,
Making earth so full of beauty,
Full of love.

A. S. T.

Useful Advice to Boys.

To throw stones. Fold each one carefully in a feather bed, and give good notice to all in the neighborhood when you are going to pitch.

To carry gunpowder in the pocket. Soak it well in cold water, then wrap it up in a cover of oiled silk.

To slide down the banisters. Let a surgeon sit upon the lowest stair. Also carry a pailful of poultice in each of your hands, as you may need it.

To get rid of studying your lessons. Eat a hot mince pie every night, for one week, before going to bed.

To cure creaky boots. Wear them always in going to the cake pantry.

To be polite to sisters. Get their big brother to introduce you to them.—*Hearth and Home.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—Two pleasant little letters in the *Banner* gives news of Sunday Schools. The first is from a member of the school at Swanville, who says: "Although we are destitute of a pastor, we are 'yet alive,' and maintain a lively interest in the Sabbath School which, with us, though not large, is in a very prosperous condition. Yesterday, August 9, a Floral Concert was given. The church was decorated with a profusion of blossoms and evergreens. The mottoes Faith, Hope and Charity, made of white raised letters upon a dark green ground, with an evergreen border, were with many others placed upon the walls. The altar was adorned with many beautiful bouquets. The piece, "The Christian Graces," was recited by ten young ladies, with beautiful effect. There were also several single recitations interspersed with singing. Altogether the occasion was a most happy one."

The other gives an account of one of the numerous summer excursions of which the Maine schools seem to have had their full share: "The Sunday Schools connected with our society at Hiram, Denmark, and Brownfield, with their friends, Thursday last, made a trip to Upper Bartlett, N. H. Five cars were well filled with the excurtionists, who were accompanied by the Hiram Band. A happier company is seldom seen. The day was delightful in every respect. The grand scenery of the mountain region was highly enjoyed, especially by those who were looking upon it for the first time. Beneath the trees of the inviting grove near the station, a royal dinner was eaten with relish. The large Steam Mill owned by the Bartlett Lumber Co., was visited with much interest to all who witnessed the rapidity with which the logs, both great and small, were converted, according to fitness, into boards, clap-boards, laths, &c. A great business is done at this mill. Everything proceeds with clock-work regularity. At 4 P. M., the train was backed up the track three miles further, affording most attractive views, and then we were whirled homeward. "The best of all our excursions," was the general expression.

—The school at Calais lately cleared fifty dollars by a repetition of the operatta "Mission of the Fairies" which they first gave with great success last spring. In addition to the work in Calais, Bro. Knowlton devotes Sunday afternoons to establishing the cause at the village of Milltown. He reports that "the *young people* are at work, and the interest increasing."

—The Sunday School in Turner recently had a concert, "the first for years," but it was too much enjoyed to be the last. Monthly concerts are now talked of. The pastor says, "The Sunday School is doing well, although we have no sensational success to report."

—The Augusta Sunday School has just celebrated its anniversary. The Superintendent thinks the condition of the school much better than a year ago, inasmuch as the numbers are larger, the average attendance better, and a deeper interest is manifested in the lessons and exercises. No death has occurred during the year. Fully half the funds used by the school have been contributed by the Young People's Social Union. The library has five hundred and ninety volumes, one hundred and fifty of which have been added during the year.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—All the schools in Boston and vicinity that had been closed for the summer vacation, reopened with good numbers on Sept. 6. The Columbus Avenue school made this the opportunity for commencing the use of the Sunday School *Helper* and Lesson Papers. Teachers' meetings will probably be held once in two weeks, instead of once a month as heretofore.

Maine Sunday School Convention.

This Annual Meeting is to be held at Bath on Wednesday and Thursday Sept 30 and Oct. 1. All members of Sunday Schools in Maine, young and old, will please take notice. The following is the excellent programe:

WEDNESDAY, 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Devotional exercises; Welcome by the pastor, Rev. M. H. Houghton; Preliminary organizations.

2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Resolved, That the Uniform Lesson System is a success. Essays and addresses both on the affirmative and negative.

EVENING.

Sunday School Institute. Form of opening, Mr. G. H. Dillingham of Auburn; Address, Rev. Fanny U. Roberts, Class Teaching.

THURSDAY, 8 1-2 A. M.

Essay: Doctrinal Instruction in the Sunday School, Rev. W. E. Gibbs; Addresses, Rev. M. J. Steere and others.

2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Essay: Good Superintendents and Teachers, W. R. French; Addresses, Revs. S. Goodenough and A. Bosserman.

Remarks and questions will be solicited. It is hoped that all interested in our Sunday School work will try to be present, and help to make the Convention a grand success. We wish to help each other do good. The programme will be filled out as soon as possible.

PER ORDER.

New Testament Map of Palestine.

Printed on Cards for hand use in Sunday School and Bible Classes, and handsomely colored. Size 5 1-4 x 3 1-2 inches. Put up in packages containing ten each. Price, per package 40 cents.

This map contains all the names of places mentioned in the Gospels, and being engraved in the very best manner, all are plain and easily read. Experience has proved that where the members of a class are each supplied with one of these maps their interest in the lesson, and consequently, its usefulness to them has been greatly increased.

For sale by the Universalist Publishing House.

The Library Book Commission.

This Commission has reported a list of Books suitable for Universalist Sunday School Libraries. The Universalist Publishing House will publish a Catalogue of them, which will be ready for delivery September 20th. They will be sent free on application. Please state location of School with the names of the Superintendent and Librarian.

Lesson Review.

JULY TO OCTOBER.

GOSPEL OF MARK.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL.

John the Baptist preaches,—foretells the Gospel —baptizes Jesus in the Jordan. The Holy Spirit descends upon Jesus.

I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.

THE AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

Simon, Andrew, James and John are toiling by the sea. Jesus calls them to be his disciples. They follow him. He teaches in the synagogue.

All bare him witness and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth.

TTE LEPER HEALED.

A leper came beseeching him. Jesus touched and healed him. Charged him to tell no man, but to offer the cleansing required by Moses. The leper published it abroad.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

SINNERS CALLED.

Matthew the publican, called to be a disciple; makes a feast for Jesus. The Scribes and and Pharisees reprove him for eating with publicans and sinners. Jesus declares himself as the Physician who came not for the whole, but the sick.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus come into the world to save sinners.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Jesus and his disciples pluck corn on the Sabbath day. The Pharisees murmur. He reproves them from their Scriptures. Announces that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. Restores the withered hand.

Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath.

STORM AND CALM.

Jesus and the disciples cross the sea. A storm arises, and the disciples fear to perish. Jesus rebukes the wind and the sea, and the storm ceases.

Peace I leave with you,—my peace I give unto you.

THE MANIAC RESTOERD.

An insane man who dwells among the tombs resists the compassion of Jesus. Thinks himself possessed of many evil spirits. Asks that they may be sent into a herd of swine. The swine destroyed; the insane man healed.

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind.

HEALED BY FAITH.

As Jesus journeys to the ruler's house, a woman who had been sick twelve years touched his garment in the throng praying to be made whole. She is healed. Jesus inquires for her, and commends her faith.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

THE DEAD RAISED.

Jairus seeks Jesus to heal his daughter. The child dies. Jesus promises comfort. He puts out the mourners, stills the tumult, enters with the parents, and restores her to life.

And the Lord God shall wipe away tears from off all faces.

THE KING AND THE PROPHET.

Herod imprisons John the Baptist. He makes a great feast. The daughter of Herodias dances at the feast and asks in payment the head of the prophet. John the Baptist is beheaded in prison. Herod is exceeding sorry

If our heart condemn us God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things.

THE PEOPLE FED.

The multitudes follow Jesus to a desert place. He ministers to them all day. At night they are hungered. He commands the disciples to feed them. With five loaves and two fishes five thousand are fed.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

THE STPPLIANT MOTHER.

Jesus goes beyond Galilee seeking rest. A Greek woman beseeches him for her sick daughter. Jesus tries her faith. She appeals to his goodness. He grants her request for that reason.

How much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good gifts to them that ask him.

The lesson for Sept. 27, being the last Sabbath of the quarter, is intended to be given to this review. The "lesson-talks" for the next quarter will also be on the gospel of Mark.

Enigma.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.

My 1, 4, 19, 14, all should love.
My 8, 16, 3, 18, we all have.
My 9, 23, 11, 15, is a period of time.
My 19, 2 7, 13, is a small insect.
My 19, 5, 10, 10, is a covering for the hands.
My 17, 20, 6, is a conjunction.
My 12, 23, 11, is a drink.
My 21, 22, 14, 11, 7, 23, 24, is a place for shows.

My whole is a command to children.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

CHARLES CAVERLY, Jr. Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

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